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distant temple of fame ! How many opening blossoms of mental excellence close their delicate calices, and droop their heads in oblivion, or in death, uncheered by the genial sun of patronage ; or are trodden into the dust, under the foot of purse-proud ignorance ! To transplant such valuable, but neglected flowers, from the frigid soil where they but rise above its surface : to place them in the temperature of animating protection, there to develop their latent beauties : to nurse their fragile stems, leaning against the prop of pecuniary assistance, until the tender plant becomes a magnificent ornament of the garden that cherished it ; pleasing the eye of taste ; delighting the philosophic mind. To do this, I say, is a task worthy of the noblest birth, the most ample possessions. This brings with it a reward more precious than the gems of Golconda ; this presents to the *pure and refined sense*, an offering, sweeter than the fragrance of the orange-tree, that delights the mariner on the Lusitanian coast ! An incense too refined for the vulgar mind : a pleasure too great to be enjoyed by those senseless beings whom nature fashions every day, and “sends forth a million such ashamed of her work.”

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*To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.*

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GENTLEMEN,

THE following tale I met with in the original ; I thought it pretty, and the moral of it pleased me. It has, I think, the merit of simplicity, and comes quickly to its point. It would be in vain to pretend, that I have given it an English dress equal to its Italian one ; but I will not affect to say, that I have taken no pains with it. A free translation, and a real English idiom, were my

objects. Every one accustomed to translate, must have found, that when he has revised his performance, he has been disappointed and grieved, to find, in almost every sentence, expressions and turns of phrase, that do not belong so much to his native language, as to that from which he has translated. This I have endeavoured to avoid : how far I have succeeded, others must judge. If the story suits your miscellany, your insertion of it will oblige,

Yours, &c.

C.E.

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THE PUNISHMENT OF REVENGE ;

*A Story, from the Italian.*

AT the time when a great part of Italy was divided into a number of small republics, intrigues of various kinds, and petty wars were very frequent among them. The disgraceful passions of envy, hatred, and private revenge, were the principal causes of these disturbances. At that period, there existed a mortal enmity between Guido, a native of Lucca, and Guicciardo, a Florentine ; the former was a Captain in his country's service, the latter was Governor of the town of Samminiato. Whatever might have been the origin of their violent enmity, the fact is, that they endeavoured on every occasion to injure each other, and esteemed themselves fortunate in any opportunity of accomplishing so unworthy an object. But how short-sighted is the misguided mind of man ! *Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ, et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis !* How far are his schemes of vengeance from being the dictates of true policy ! These men had each of them a son, who was the object of his most violent affection. The youths, during their residence at Pisa, had conceived for each other a strong and disinterested friendship. Frequent

ly did they lament the deep and implacable hatred which subsisted between their parents: but, said they, we ought not, on that account, to suffer any abatement of our mutual regard. And, in fact, their esteem and confidence, their zeal and disinterestedness in the service of each other, had so strengthened their virtuous friendship, as to have rendered its decay nearly impossible.

These amiable young men were recalled to their respective homes, on account of certain civil disturbances which occurred about that time; and much was their sorrow at separation increased, by their not being able to write to each other, without danger of the violent displeasure of their parents. Soon after the separation of the sons, the father of one of them, Guido, meditated the plan of a sudden and unexpected attack upon the city of Samminiato, then held by the Florentines, and governed by Guicciardo. This city is situated at the summit of a delightful hill, at the foot of which extends a fertile plain, where may be seen a number of beautiful villas, at small distances from each other. In this plain Guido's troops arrived during the night, and pitched their camp. The inhabitants of Samminiato having received intelligence of the enemy's approach, lost no time in preparing for their defence. As they considered themselves not sufficiently strong, they despatched a messenger to Florence, to represent their situation, and to desire that forces might be sent to their aid. The Florentines could not refuse assistance to a people who were a part of their republic, and accordingly sent off as quickly as possible, the succours which they judged convenient. Three hundred horse, and five hundred foot, marched towards Samminiato, and in order to conceal their approach from the enemy, they

did not advance by the high road, but passed across the fields and woods. When they came near the city, they sent to acquaint the governor of their arrival. He, being informed by his spies that the enemy designed to seize upon the city during the night, desired the Florentines to conceal themselves at a small distance, and wait until a certain signal should inform them of the commencement of the attack. He ordered, that on the instant of the signal, the horse should advance without any delay, and the foot follow as quickly as possible. In the mean time, Guido, putting himself at the head of the horse, and committing the infantry to his son, Ronzardo, resolved to force an entrance into the city, and to inundate the streets with the blood of the citizens, mingled with that of his private enemy. They approached, and had hardly arrived, when the fight began with the utmost impetuosity, and the most obstinate valour. At first, they seemed likely to come off victorious; for, having entered by a breach, they soon filled the city with disorder and consternation. At this conjuncture, Sandro, the son of Guicciardo, having, with imprudent bravery, made his way through the enemy, found himself alone in the midst of them. Unable long to resist their fury, he soon fell on the ground, and gave himself up for lost, when Ronzardo ran to him, called to his men to desist, and set him at liberty, on condition, that he would retire, and not make his appearance again during the fight. At this instant the Florentines came up, and joined in the fray; while those of Lucca, finding the enemy in the rear, as well as front, fought most desperately; nor did they lose their courage, though their numbers every moment diminished. Some were disarmed, some dashed headlong

down the precipice, some trod under foot by the cavalry, some fell by the sword; nothing was heard but the clash of arms, the trampling of horses, and the groans of the dying. Blood was streaming in torrents on every side, when the Florentines, having at the same moment taken Guido and his son prisoners, raised a shout of victory. The others, finding they had lost their leaders, betook themselves to flight; but death followed wherever they flew. The victors remained in complete possession of the field.

In consequence of the victory, affairs soon became tranquil, and Guicciardo, having the prisoners completely in his power, now thought of nothing but his revenge. His son many times represented to him, the intimate friendship that subsisted between himself and Ronzardo, and the manner in which the latter had heroically saved his life. He endeavoured to persuade him, that a generous pardon was the only vengeance worthy of a noble mind, towards a fallen enemy; and begged of him, that if he would not show them courtesy and friendship, at least that he would not be forgetful of gratitude and common justice. But Guicciardo thirsted for their blood, and was acquainted with no revenge but one!

His son, however, frequently visited the prisoners in their dark cell, by means of false keys, and comforted them with the hope of liberty. But, finding his importunities with his father were entirely useless, he at last resolved to let them secretly out of prison, and give them the opportunity of saving themselves by flight.

In the mean time, Guicciardo, observing the extreme eagerness of his son for the liberation of the captives, began to fear, that he would make some private attempt to save them. In order to prevent this, and

at the same time to free himself of uneasiness, he resolved upon taking their lives with his own hands, intending to conceal their bodies under the floor of the dungeon, that their fate might be for ever hid from the world. Having provided himself with a dagger, he privately entered their prison in the dead of the night, when he thought himself secure from observation. Sandro, his son, happened at that moment to be with the prisoners, and alarmed by the noise, he ran to the door, to discover who was approaching. A faint glimmer from the light of the moon, showed Guicciardo that some one was near him. Supposing it to be one of the objects of his vengeance, he strikes fiercely with his dagger. It was his son! Then quick as thought he plunges the murderous steel into the next. It was the unhappy Guido! "Ah!" exclaimed the fallen and bleeding Sandro, "mark the justice of God; you intended the death of your enemies, and you have slain your son!" At these words, Guicciardo dropped the dagger, and stood speechless with horror. At this instant, the guards of the prison, roused by the noise, hastily approached with lights. They found Guido expiring, and Ronzardo stretched on his body, embracing it, and bathing it with his tears; Sandro lying insensible, through loss of blood, and his father standing over him, with his eyes fixed, like a man bereft of every feeling. The utmost care was taken of Sandro, and Guicciardo was forcibly dragged from the spot. Ronzardo remained extended on his father's lifeless body.

The most dreadful state of madness was the reward of the Governor's cruelty. He no longer hears, nor sees, nor understands! Wherever he is, he thinks he beholds the ghost of his son, and of Guido his enemy; and imagines he hears a voice crying, "Mark the justice of God!"

He sees in the shades of night their pale and bloody corpses, and contemplates with horror the mortal wounds. Hardly has the day dawned, when he rushes furiously forth, hoping that the horrid images will cease to pursue him; but in vain, for they are the creation of his remorse, and appear for ever before him. He runs hither and thither, then suddenly stops, thinking his son opposes his advance; but, at last, having reached in his wanderings the summit of a precipice, he threw himself from it, and thus terminated his life and his crimes!

The greatest exertions were used for the recovery of Sandro, and they were successful. He gave liberty to Ronzardo, and frequently lamented with him, the unhappy fate of their parents, who had so miserably fallen, by yielding to the hateful passion of revenge.

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*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

"We shall be obliged to any of our Correspondents in the neighbourhood of Dungannon, where we understand this plagiarist [H.H.H.] lives; to communicate his name, that we may expose him to public view. Some years ago we detected him acting in the same manner, under the signatures of "William," "D.," &c. He, at that time, we understood, was a clerk in a woollen-draper's shop."

See Belfast Mag. for Jan. 1813.

**A**FTER Mr. CRABTREE has whipped H.H.H.'s sensibility so severely, and after MENTOR has given him such appropriate counsel how to manage his ignorance in future, he would indeed be torpid as the oyster, were he to require another flagellation. As, however, thieves are generally creatures cast with obtuse feelings, and as the above-mentioned culprit has evinced an inordinate

quantity of brass to have been kneaded in his forehead, by appearing in Dungannon even since he received the castigation of your correspondents, I have complied with your invitation, and transmit you a warrant, by which you will at any time be empowered to put him in the pillory.

You confound the identity of two characters, in supposing H.H.H., WILLIAM, D., &c. to be the same: they are different persons. The latter was a mere boy, and his offence was not unpardonable. The former is in appearance a man, matured to the phrase, *well stricken in years*.

And who, think you, is he? A person, I assure you, who brandishes a much more formidable weapon than the quill: verily nothing less than the sword *militaire*. During his stay in Dungannon, he was quite an Adonis with many of the sisterhood: he had hung their bells, and righted their fans, and done all the frivolous gallantries of a "carpet knight." By repeatedly clapping such assiduities, like so many brimstone matches, to their hearts, he was able to put them in a state of effectual combustion; and, it is said, occasioned various broils, piques, jealousies, &c., between families. Perhaps, then, it might be in order to complete his triumph, by storming the mental fortress, now he had gained the corporeal, that he used this last consummate artifice.

Or perhaps this pseudo poet, one of the illuminati, and "most *thinking* people of England," imagines he may play as many monkey tricks as he pleases among us *wild Irish*. He wants to try our cullibility. Like his half-brother Cacus, who, when stealing Hercules's cows, dragged them backwards by the tail, to prevent discovery; so this literary thief, by a little backward dexterity, imagined he could easily dupe the moun-